

DORSEY, the star route thief, is publishing large budgets of letters from Garfield and others to show how highly he was held in the estimation of the late lamented President, and they do show that he was considerably cheek-by-jowl with him. They further show that Garfield was possessed all during the canvass with intense anxiety as to the result of the election and that he was in for almost any means to secure his victory. In one of his letters to Dorsey, he makes this suggestive point: "From twenty to thirty thousand voters of Indiana are members of the denomination of Deities and at least half of them are Democrats. A quiet but very earnest movement, wholly outside the State committee, has been organized and has been vigorously and judiciously pushed with the strongest probability that at least two thousand five hundred changes of votes in our favor will result. This shows that he worked his religious connections for all they were worth and that he did so. A good many things have transpired since his decease that show that Garfield, to say the least, was not so good and great as his eulogists have pictured him.

We are glad to observe that a bill to pension the Mexican soldiers has been agreed on by the proper committee and that it is likely to become a law as soon as it is reached. These old veterans are fully as much entitled to pensions as the soldiers of the late war, if not more so, and the fact that they have been denied it so long is far from being creditable to the party in power, who claimed that they would not vote for such a bill because Jefferson Davis would be a beneficiary. This was small, mean and contemptible, but it was an excuse which the new bill kills by proposing to exclude Mr. Davis from the benefits. He doesn't need it and does not want it, so let the bill pass so that justice may be done the old fellows that are fast passing away.

The Louisville Commercial is again looking into that report of pardons ordered by the Legislature of the Governor, but finds that it is in the hands of a private party who claims it as his own property. It further says that Blackburn swore that if the public printer dared to print it he should never receive a cent for it. There is great rottenness to be unearthed at Frankfort and we trust that the Commercial will keep Joe Eakin no longer until he exposes it all and "smokes the rascals out."

The Supreme Court has decided that the law under which Gen. Curtis was convicted and sentenced in New York to pay a fine of \$1,000 and be imprisoned for one year for collecting political assessments in New York, is constitutional and his petition for a writ of habeas corpus has been denied. Now let Hubbell and Mahone be tried and convicted. It is not right that the little minnows should suffer and the big fish get away entirely with the bait.

A CALL has been made by the Chairman of the State Central Committee for that and the Executive Committee to meet in Louisville, Jan. 10, to fix a time and place for holding the democratic State Convention to nominate a candidate for Governor. It is thought Louisville will be named as the place and the 22nd of February as the day for the business.

OUR dear old governor has been snubbed. He issued a requisition for Col. N. A. Fitzgerald, of the Pension Bureau at Washington, who is charged in Kenton county with forgery, but Chief Justice Carter declined to recognize it. The Gov. should call out his militia.

THE country will be delighted to know that Mr. and Mrs. Scoville have kissed and made up and that the case against her for larceny has been stricken from the docket. Now let us all forget the whole Guitous family and enjoy Christmas to its fullest extent.

A BILL to provide a two year's extension on whisky in bond is meeting with much opposition in the Senate. It is claimed that many fortunes will be lost unless something is done for the whisky men.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—The Court of Appeals adjourned yesterday till January 3d.

—The wife of Dr. R. J. O'Mahony a well-known journalist, is dead at Lexington.

—The Judge of the City Court, Louisville, J. Hop Price, died Tuesday of heart disease.

—There are four cases of small-pox at South Somerset, all in the family of Mr. Eshelton.

—The army appropriation bill fixes the amount at \$24,000,000; a million and a half less than last year.

—Hon. James Lyons, member of the Confederate Congress, died at Richmond, Va. He was 81 years old.

—A damage suit for \$10,000 has been brought against W. C. Owens at Somerset, for killing Jasper last year.

—Two medical students and their colored assistants, who were arrested in Richmond, Va., while attempting to rob a grave, were each sentenced to six months imprisonment.

—The heaviest wind and snow storm for fifty years has prevailed along Newfound-land for forty-eight hours. Twenty-two vessels were wrecked in Green Bay. Great loss of life is feared.

—The Central Courier and material at Nicholasville is to be sold at commission-ers sale on the 30th inst., to satisfy a judgment of \$500.40. We hope Bro. Owen may be able to raise the wind. His is too good a paper to die for that small amount.

—The bill to sell the Soldiers' Home property at Harrodsburg, has passed both Houses.

—The net earnings of the Chesapeake & Ohio R.R. have been at the rate of a million and a half dollars per annum during the last six months, and a rise in the value of its securities is predicted.

—Mr. J. E. Lynn Declines.

—The Editor of The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, Dec. 21, 1882.—In a late issue of your paper my name was suggested as a suitable man to represent our county in the next General Assembly. I appreciate the confidence and esteem in which I am held by my friends, and believe this would insure my success should I consent to make the race, but in justice to myself I must decline in favor of others better qualified and more desirous. Respectfully,

J. E. LYNN.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

Hustonsville.

—The mill works are progressing rapidly. It bids fair to be a grand improvement.

—The young folks are busy preparing for their musical-dramatic entertainment on the 26th. Hope they will be encouraged.

—Billy Williams (our West End Jay Goid) is superintending the planting of telephone poles in the direction of Stanford.

—John S. Goode bought the Sharp farm from J. H. Prewitt, 47 acres, for \$1,300, or \$300 advance on what Prewitt paid Sharp.

—ANOTHER PISTOL DISASTER.—Tuesday

Pete Holmes (col.) laid his pistol on a shelf at his brother-in-law's, Ben Farris, and left the room. A girl of the family, when she entered the room, saw the pistol on the shelf and, mistaking it for a box of Farris on the opposite side of the room.

—Let me congratulate you on the beauty and vivacity of your last pair of twins—I mean the double number of your petted progeny, the JOURNAL. I beg leave also, to shake hands, figuratively, with the "Boys Old Timer." He and I were boys together, and with the exception of Craddock, the only survivors of a buried age. While "Old Mortality" lived we had our contemporary, but his premature taking off left us desolate. A cheery Christmas to you and yours, Mr. Editor.

CASEY COUNTY.

Liberty.

—Our Circuit Court glides smoothly along. Hon. B. M. Horcott makes a good Judge.

—Last Friday morning at 8 o'clock Miss Laura Coffey died of consumption. She was in the morning of life, just in her 20th year. At the age of eleven she joined the Christian Church and has ever since that time lived a Christian life and been a shining light in the Church and Sunday-school to which she belonged. All who ever knew her loved her and looked upon her as one of the purest Christian women that they had ever met. Her friends all rest assured that she has gone to live among the angels in a better land than this. She was buried at the cemetery just above town beside her father. Eld. B. F. Branson officiated at the grave.

BROTHER BARNES' CIRCULAR.

Hudson River R. R. en route to New York City.

Dear Friends:

I write this message to you as I dash along the river's brink, at high speed—type of life's journey, so soon to bring up at the last station, where we shall all take our places for Eternity. I write to the friends full in view. Will you listen to me? I write for Marie and myself. We have but one heart and voice in this address to our old and new friends.

You know well the manner of our life these six years past, how that, with one desire—to preach and sing "the truth as it is in Jesus"—our purpose to yield all that we have and are, in holy consecration to His loving service; and one hope—that we may "finish our course with joy, and the ministrations committed to us by the Lord Jesus."

To this end, without intermission, or what man call "rest," we have by the Lord's grace, pursued "the even tenor" of this way, blessed, as you all know, beyond the highest expectations of ourselves or others—"exceedingly abundantly above what we asked or thought." To the Lord we give all the praise, as we set up a grateful Ebenezer—"Hitherto hath the Lord helped."

We are now about to enter on the 7th year of this career, in earnest hope that it will culminate in usefulness and truthfulness to the other six, as the seventh ocean wave overtops all its predecessors in strength and volume. We fully believe the Lord will do this for His own glory if we are as true to Him in the wider field to which He has called us, as in the limits of our native State.

Six years ago, almost to a day, obeying a call as clear as Abram's or Paul's, we left Chicago, where Mr. Owens had just built a new chapel at large expense, and settled in a house newly furnished, fresh and free to garret, and came to Kentucky to labor for the Lord among those of our own household, telling, first of all to our "Kinfolk and friends, what great things the Lord had done for us" and then to the world.

Now, obeying still a call not to be mistaken, and still "wondering with great amazement" that the Lord should thus use us, we have "come out from our kindred and our father's house, into a land we knew not," only knowing Him who led us by the hand. Now we can only hear one command—"Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." We "verily thought" when we began work under this second call, that we should go on, as in the first, using the same methods and following the beaten track. We forgot, as David did when called to fight the Philistines, that the Lord does not repeat Himself, but that our faith may ever find new fields for exercise, commands to wait for the "sound of a going among the mulberry trees," instead of the familiar melody of attack "as aforetime." Now, therefore, we seem called upon to labor in a perfectly independent way. We have faithfully and patiently tried working in the groove of ordinary church methods, on a call from this or that pastor. In every case of late, with marked failure in results. Slow, perhaps, to learn the lesson the Lord was teaching us, yet now, prompt to act that it is learned, we propose, henceforth to work independently of all church organizations and pastors. Not, therefore, imputing blame to any, nor yet dreaming of opposition to any (a thousand times "No!") but, lovingly, as of old, with transparent fidelity, striving to build up, as we find, and not pull down, we propose in future, by God's grace, to work outside churches and churches order. It is a fact, not to be denied for a moment, that the "masses" will not darken a church door. For some reason, the church has lost its grip upon the world, and now what is left is to go where we can get hold of lost men. "In the highways and hedges" is the "upper" call, and, as we surely believe we are at the "eventide" of this dispensation, it behooves us to "go out quickly" and "compel them to come in," that guests to the feast be not wanting. "The world is rocking on a worn-out axis," and in another generation it may be too late. We may not stand up on ceremony now. Too much is at stake. Where the sheep are, is the shepherd's place. We find them, uniformly, far away from stately church doors, and we aim to take men as we find them. "With hostility to none—charity to all," as Francis Murphy has it, we wish to go out after the lost sheep and bring them in. In public halls and places of resort we shall find them by the

thousand and hope to gather them in. But this requires money and much of it. To advertise by hand-bill and poster and newspaper, so that no hour of time be lost, waiting for the news to slowly creep out as in the past, will take what I now wish you to give—money, money. We wish to utilize every advantage the Lord puts in our way. If we may direct. If I had \$10,000 I could use it wisely and well. O, that I had that sum now!

Just a few points to make all clear, and anticipate questions naturally arising even in unscrupulous minds. 1. The fund we wish to raise through you, though wholly under our control, and unreservedly placed at our disposal, will go directly for the work of the Lord, and not be used by us for family expenses. Any sum thus temporarily employed, as the Lord may direct, to be replaced with scrupulous fidelity, and the accounts kept invariably separate. Do not think, dear friends, we are asking personal support. Not a dollar will go for that unless you specifically assign your gift for that purpose. 2. We ask no one to give who think we are capable of misusing the signs of self-sacrifice, in thus asking gifts for the Lord. No, dear friends, the blessing of trusting the Lord directly for "daily bread" is too great to forego, for any consideration. If we have not earned your confidence enough, in these six years to induce you to trust us with the faithful disbursement of your gifts, then we ask you not to give. 3. We only ask those to give who do it lovingly and cheerfully, "without grudging," and because they love us for the "work's sake," as well as for our own. We do not undervalue personal friendship or affection, but want this to be a consecrated fund, that the Lord can consistently bless every dollar of it. He "loveth a cheerful giver." 4. We send to each place, rapidly as possible, a little memento of this transaction for the Lord, in the shape of a slip with our acknowledgments of your loving gift, and another to be returned to, and preserved by us, in memoriam. 5. We will place the matter of collection, in each place, in hands where we think, the task will be cheerfully undertaken, and we ask any one requested by such person, to aid in the master of sharing this burden, as if we had directly appealed to them. Simple economy of time prevents corresponding with more than a single party in each place. 6. In places remote, it may not be possible to get the printed slips promptly to hand at the time mentioned below. Let not the failure in exact time deter any from giving. 7. Let the gift, as nearly as possible, be a "Christian gift." Give us a "merry" one, as never before. And here, beloved, we leave it with you, as in the presence of the Lord. If you love your Savior, "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." If we have any personal claim on you in love and gratitude, for service lovingly rendered in the past; if we have been instruments of blessing to you or those you love, let that claim find expression and be fully cancelled by prompt aid in this crisis of the work. If you would appropriately tell "in very deed," how you appreciate the love of Him who for us all, was born in Bethlehem, send this Christmas gift to help proclaim the good news to others. If you believe this gospel of love we preach and sing is the remedy for the world's sorrow and unrest; if you think it the antidote to Ignorance and every other "ism" that afflicts this "tempest-tossed" humanity, then make us we beseech you, your faithful missionaries to proclaim it far and wide. You can not leave your home to do it, but we can, and now stand ready (O, how gladly), to go to "earth's remotest bounds" with the good news. "We are ready to go down into the pit; will you hold and lead us up the rope?" So asked one of our old, so ask we to you.

May love's appeal be not in vain. Ever in Jesus affectionately,

GEORGE O. BARNES,

MARIE S. BARNES.

Garrard County

DEPARTMENT.

HOBART R. WEST, Editor.

LANCASTER.

—Monday is County Court day.

—John W. Miller is having his hotel remodeled in part.

—An effort is being made to build a plank walk from Dr. Price's Danville street as far as the limits of town.

—Mr. R. L. Hubble, of Lincoln, sold to Dr. C. L. Caldwell and J. W. Smith, of Barren county, a black jack, four years old for \$100.

—No one has announced himself as a candidate for representative in this county yet. Several gentlemen are spoken of on the democratic side.

A bomb exploded by some unknown parties broke out 20 panes of glass in the Clerk's office window and did other damage. The Marshal was absent.

—Now is your time to buy cheap goods. I want to close out by Jan. 1st. Don't fail to call and get bargain when goods must be sold. I cannot have what is due me by Jan. 1st. Geo. A. Feathers.

—Mr. R. W. Lillard has made a move in the right direction and had the shed in front of his store torn down. It would make our town more attractive if a few more of them were taken down.

—Judge Geo. Denny is at Liberty this week attending Court. Messrs. San Anderson and Hunter Irving, who have been attending Commercial College at Louisville, returned home last Saturday.

—Hemphill & Walder are selling out their stock of dry goods, &c., at auction. We understand that Mr. Walden will continue with a new stock of goods after the 1st of January.

—Mr. Cyrus Dally's team became frightened at something on the Lexington pike, near Mr. H. O. Sutton's and ran away, breaking up the wagon to which they were hitched, considerably. They ran about three miles.

—The following marriage licenses were issued from the Garrard County Clerk's office during the past week: Hugh Roberts to Miss L. E. James; J. F. Holtzclaw to Miss Lucy Pettit; Mose Ray to Miss Barthelemy Hurt.

—Married at the residence of J. Wesley West, in this place, Wednesday the 20th inst., Geo. H. Luns to Miss Clara Hackley, both of this county. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. R. Peoples. Their young couple have our best wishes for their future prosperity.

—W. O. Brindley, as Exr. of R. M. Bradley, sold, Monday, 352 acres of coal land in Laurel county, at public auction, Messrs. Geo. Denny, Sr., W. E. Walker, Thos. Palmer and H. E. Kamen, bidders. The purchaser paid \$600. The property will be organized a company for mining coal. The land lies immediately on the Knoxville branch of the L. & N. R. R.

LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

R. C. MORGAN, D. D. S. DENTIST.

has located permanently in Lancaster. Office rooms over J. G. Swann's store. [See signs.] 10-12

MANUFACTURERS'

—FISK AND MARSH—

INSURANCE COMPANY,

—OF PORTER, MASS.—

Capital, \$500,000; surplus, \$100,000; total assets, \$1,000,000. ROBT. MINNAIRD, AGT., 109-110

Lancaster, Kentucky.

101-177.

E. P. OWLSLEY.

I WILL SELL MY

Fall and Winter Stock of Dry Goods,

Notions, Boots, Shoes and Clothing for the next 30 DAYS at greatly reduced prices. Heavy Boots, Shoes and Clothing a Specialty.

NEW FALL AND WINTER STOCK

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, BOOTS, SHOES,

ROBT. S. LYTLE'S.

Prices Guaranteed to be as Low as the Lowest. S. W. Cor. Main and Lancaster streets, Stanford, Ky.

JUST RECEIVED

Nice lot of Candies, Nuts, Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Figs, Dates, Oranges, Lemons, Mince Meat, Hominy, Rice, Buckwheat Flour, New Process Flour, Meal, Oat Meal, Tapioca, Maccaroni and all kinds of Canned Fruits, at low prices at

W. T. GREEN'S.

M'ROBERTS & STAGG

Holiday Goods, Holiday Christmas Gifts for Old & Young, Beautiful Line of Silverware, Jewelry,

Watches and Clocks, Fine Toilet Sets and Flower Vases.

Our Holiday Books were never Prettier or more Choice;

Box Paper, Writing Paper, Writing Desks and Fancy Ink. A large stock of Fine Fancy Candies, Toys and Fire works of every description.

H. C. KAUFFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY.

Master Commissioner Garrard Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

HIGGINS HOUSE! —STANFORD STREET—

LANCASTER, — KENTUCKY

JOHN T. HIGGINS, PROPRIETOR.

A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL

In every particular, the patronage at this public hotel, solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.

NEW HOUSE!

NEW GOODS

GEO. D. BURDETT & CO.

ENTREPRISE GROCERY, LANCASTER.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in—

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Queensware, Glassware, Candles.

Fruits, Cigars and Tobacco.

A FIRST-CLASS GROCERY—A WELL LIGHTED, roomy house. Everything kept as a pin and price lower than ever.

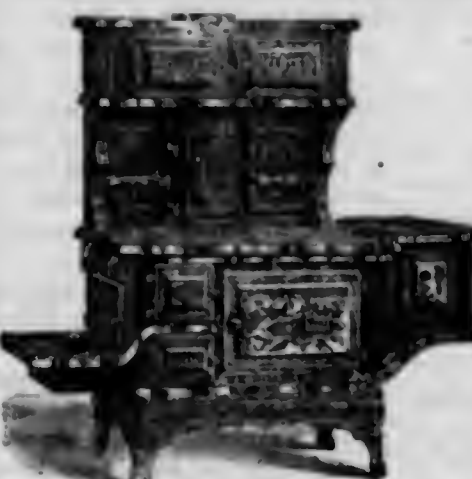
Don't Fail to See Them in the New Block.

101-177.

PENNY & McALISTER, JEWELERS.

The LARGEST STOCK of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice, and Warranted.



I desire to call your special attention to the

JEWELL RANGE

which for utility, durability, perfection in operation, taste

In ornamentation and is unequalled.

THE FLUES ARE EXTRA LARGE.

Adapting the Range to any kind of fuel. The Fire Back is made in three sections. As the center burns out much faster than the ends, this piece can be replaced without the expense of the entire back. Ventilated Chamber behind the fire box, which protects the back from intense heat. The Broiling facilities are superior to any other Stove; tilt the grate and rake the coals on broiling grate, or an independent fire of charcoal built on it, if desired.

Many other conveniences are attached to this Stove, which I ask you to examine before buying. I also refer you to Mrs. Dr. T. B. Montgomery, Mrs. W. F. McKinney, Mrs. W. G. Welch, Mrs. G. H. McKinney, Mrs. S. J. Embury, Mrs. Dr. J. B. Owensley and Mrs. G. A. Lackey as to the advantages the Jewell has over other Stoves. Very respectfully,

W. H. HIGGINS.

TESTIMONIALS OF LINCOLN CO. FARMERS!

THE ALBION HARROW, CULTIVATOR & SEEDER.

Three First-Class Implements Combined in One.

STANFORD, KY., Oct. 31, 1882.

GEO. D. WEAREN—Dear Sir:—The Albion Spring Tooth Harrow, Cultivator and Broadcast Seeder purchased of you is all you claim for it. I am well pleased with my purchase. As a Harrow and pulverizer it is the best I have ever seen; as a Seeder, I would not exchange for any other, and I am also confident that it will prove valuable as a Cultivator. CRAIG LYNN.

MR. GEO. D. WEAREN—Dear Sir:—I have one of the Albion Spring Tooth Sulkey Harrows, Cultivators and Broadcast Seeders. I am well pleased with it and would not exchange it for any similar tool. Wm. GOUGH.

GEO. D. WEAREN, ESQ.—Dear Sir:—I used one of the Albion Combined Spring Tooth Harrows and Broadcast Seeders in putting in my wheat this Fall, and do not hesitate to say that it did the work perfectly. C. T. SANDIDGE.

GEO. D. WEAREN—Dear Sir:—We bought of you a Spring Tooth Sulkey Harrow and Broadcast Seeder, and after having used it in seeding wheat in foul stalk land, we are free to say that the implement is a good one and gives satisfaction. We regard it superior to any Drill and a perfect success as a Harrow and pulverizer. R. W. GIVENS & SON.

MR. GEO. D. WEAREN—Dear Sir:—I am pleased with my Albion Spring Tooth Harrow and Broadcast Seeder; think it is much better and answers many more purposes than a Drill. JOHN BUCHANAN.

GEO. D. WEAREN—Dear Sir:—Have tested your Albion Seeder on clean, plowed land and on the foulest stalk land. It gives better satisfaction than any implement ever used in foul land. A. K. DENNY.

GEO. D. WEAREN—Dear Sir:—I have used one of the above mentioned Seeders, and heartily endorse the statement of Mr. Denny. J. A. DEPAUW.

GEO. D. WEAREN—Dear Sir:—The Albion Combined Spring Tooth Harrow, Cultivator and Broadcast Seeder is all and even more than you claim for it. I have sown 50 acres of wheat this season in fifty corn land, and it does its work well where no other machine would work at all. My son Jimmie, who is 12 years old, ran the machine all the time, using a team of comparatively small horses, and found no difficulty. I cheerfully recommend it to my farmer friends, for I know a fair trial will convince them of its usefulness eight months in the year. JOHN P. BAILEY.

GEO. D. WEAREN—Dear Sir:—Each one of us having purchased of you one of your Albion Spring Tooth Sulkey Harrows and Broadcast Seeders, we take pleasure in saying that they have given us entire satisfaction and done all that you claimed for them. Prefer them to any wheat Drill we have seen. Sows the wheat evenly and leaves none exposed on the surface; also regard the tool superior to any other as a pulverizer and believe they will prove valuable as Cultivators. C. VAN DYKE, SHANKS SPOONAMORE.

THE LOST WILL.

A Story of Love.

Old Gerald Rushford was dead and buried, and all the dear five hundred friends were in a state of astonishment and consternation over his will, for it named his pet and protégé, Marian Gray, his sole heiress, while his nephew, Robert Rushford, was not even mentioned.

"There is some strange mistake," Mr. Wilde, the lawyer, said. "There was a later will than this drawn up after Mr. Robert came home, and leaving the bulk of the property to him. In this Miss Gray was remembered, too; but this one, which makes her heiress, was made while Mr. Rushford was ignorant that his nephew had escaped. I supposed that this will had long since been destroyed."

"What caused him to suppose so?" was Robert Rushford's very natural question; to which his lawyer replied that the client had told him—on the occasion of his drawing up the second will—that it was his intention to put the first one in the fire.

"And I thought he had done so. I never doubted but that this was the latest will. It seems, however, that we have got hold of the wrong document; the other is still in existence somewhere. We will have a thorough search for it."

"And until you find it, or if you fail to find it, this one stands," said Robert Rushford quietly, stating a fact which the lawyer was forced to admit.

Meanwhile the heiress by the first will and legatee by the second had sat quiet and still. She listened, with her eyes cast down, but spoke no word.

While her friends and acquaintances discussed her—not always quite inaudibly—"What a very awkward and peculiar position for Miss Gray! What an opportunity—if the second will did not turn up—to show her magnanimity and sense of honor, by making over the fortune to young Rushford! Doubtless, in such case, he would be most generous to her, and really, you know, to a girl of Miss Gray's birth and former position, a few thousands would be a fortune. What was her position? A daughter to old Rushford's housekeeper, my dear, brought up for a governess, or something—came on a visit to her mother while the old man was sick, and nursed him so tenderly and skillfully that he could not be persuaded to part with her again. She had been as a daughter in the house ever since, and if young Rushford had never turned up—if he had really been lost at sea, as was so long supposed—why, you know, rich old men were eccentric, and there would have been nothing very astonishing in his making her his heiress after all. But now—it would be terrible. Utter ruin to the young man's prospects in life. Of course his engagement with Florence Huntley would be broken off. Florence was not fit for a poor man's wife—a lovely creature—and he so infatuated, my dear; it will break his heart to lose her!"

And so on, the stream of gossip flowed—some portions of it finding its way to Marian's ears—until the searching party returned, and announced that, as yet, they had not found the second will.

There was a marked increase of respect toward Miss Gray after this intelligence, and some would have congratulated her, but she checked them.

"It is too early yet," she said, with a sad smile.

But the gossip agreed that her chances were favorable.

"And if she really is the heiress, my dear, why of course it's dreadful for the young man—terrible—but still—"

Public opinion was disposed to be kind to the heiress in any case.

"She is not over eager—she bears her honors meekly—shouldn't wonder if she turns the fortune over to the nephew after all!" was the comment of many after they left the house and went their several ways.

They would have judged differently if they could have seen her that night, looked secretly in her own room, the blinds and shutters closed, no eyes save those of Heaven upon her. She unfastened her dress and drew a sealed and folded parchment from her bosom—it was the missing will!

She gazed upon it long and earnestly. "Miserable document," she whispered. "If I should give you to him now what ruin you would work me. Yes, you would rob me of all I prize, and place it in the keeping of another! And will he lose Miss Huntley for being poor? What is her love worth, then? And is she so dear to him that it will break his heart to lose her—as it would mine to lose the one whom I love? Whom I love! Whom I love!" she went on, in the same low whisper, clasping her hands in a burst of anguish. "Whom I love, but who has no thought for me! Only for her—and will my action part them? Is it a sin to part true lovers, but are these true? We shall see—for, if they are, poverty will not part them!"

When she lay down to sleep that night she lay with her hand under her head, and a sealed letter beside it, addressed to Robert Rushford; Marian kissed that name before she went to sleep.

"He will forgive my sin when he reads this letter," she thought. "I do but obey the dead."

And all next day she lay with her hand under her head, and a sealed letter beside it, addressed to Robert Rushford; Marian kissed that name before she went to sleep.

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"He will forgive my sin when he reads this letter," she thought. "I do but obey the dead."

"I must obey the dead," she told her. "I must obey the dead!"

At last they gave up all hope of the lost will. Robert resigned himself to what seemed a hard fate, and Miss Gray was declared Gerald Rushford's lawful heiress.

Mr. Wilde made no secret of his disgust.

"There might be some arrangement made by which you could fulfill the wishes of the dead, Miss Gray," he said. "I judge you are hardly one to play the enigma by pushing the true heir out of the nest in order to occupy it yourself. I can remember the terms of the second will."

"To this broad hint she answered, quietly: "The will may yet be found, sir. Excuse me if I hesitate to tax your memory while the chance remains. Believe me, my most earnest wish and endeavor is to obey the dead."

He did not understand.

"She puzzles me," he said to Robert, "but somehow I fancy she'll give you your money after all; yes, I do believe it."

"So do not I," replied Robert. "Women are mercenary. See how quickly Florence Huntley has thrown me over. It was worth the loss of the fortune to find her out. Fancy marrying a girl in the belief that she really loved you, and afterward discovering that she only wanted your purse. That would have been my fate if I'd got the fortune. I was hard hit, too, while I thought her a woman with a loving heart, but I shall survive my disappointment. If I thought there was any danger of Miss Gray's indulging in any Quixotic acts of renunciation I should take measures to prevent it; but you won't find much of that kind of thing among women, believe me."

And Mr. Wilde began to think the same as time went on. For six months Marian went quietly on her way, obeying—while the lawyer accused her of ignoring—the wishes of the dead.

Robert was an apt writer and had obtained employment on the press, where by he made a living. Marian rolled by him in his uncle's carriage in the street. It seemed as if the ungrateful enigma had pushed the true heir out of the nest, after all.

"Mercenary—mercenary to the core!" was Robert's reflection, as he lifted his hat to his niece's carriage as she rode by, and admired, in spite of himself, her sweet, pale face. "Looks as if there might be a heart and a soul behind those soft dark eyes—looks like a woman to love and be loved, but they're all alike—mercenary to the very core!"

And he was sensible of a feeling of disappointment over Marian.

"She should be a higher, truer, better type of woman than Florence was, if appearances go for anything at all. She should have been willing to give up to me the fortune. I wouldn't have accepted the sacrifice; but I could have admired and respected her for being ready to make it. But they're all alike."

Reaching his lodgings he found Mr. Wilde waiting for him in a tremendous state of excitement, and holding an open letter in his hand.

"Look here!" received this.

DEAR SIR: Be good enough to call upon me at 7 o'clock p. m. and bring Mr. Rushford with you. The will is found. I have sincere pleasure in placing the true heir in possession of his own estate. Very respectfully,

MARIAN GRAY.

"Where was it found? Where was it found?" cried Mr. Wilde, as Marian gave the document into his hands.

"Where on earth was it found, my dear?"

"It was never lost," said Marian, quietly.

And then she told them all.

Old Mr. Rushford knew of his nephew's love for Miss Huntley, and did not approve of it. Yet he feared that to oppose it would only confirm the fancy. He had great confidence in me, gentlemen, and revealed to me his plans. I knew the contents of both the wills. During his last illness he gave the true one into my care, with instructions to conceal it six months. By that time my nephew will be thought of as a poor man," said he, "and the girl who looks of him with a pretense of love will show herself in her true colors." This letter, Mr. Rushford, will confirm my words; and if," she added, timidly, "if I have sinned in parting you from your love, pardon me! Perhaps she may yet be won, now you are rich again, and I—I but obeyed the wishes of the dead."

"And in so doing earned my lasting gratitude," cried Robert, warmly.

"Florence is not worth winning. I can imagine no more miserable life than that which must fall to the lot of her husband. And it is worth more than the fortune to know that in you I find a true woman at last, whose heart and mind do not belie her face, but one who is as lovely as the other."

He stopped short, for Wilde's hand was on his arm.

"Read your letter first," said that gentleman, coolly, "and then we'll read the will."

Robert obeyed him.

"The letter confirms Marian's statement," said he, "and contains the expression of a wish. Do you know what that wish is?" he asked her.

"No," she answered, in surprise; "I do not."

"But you would advise me to endeavor to comply with it of course—you who fulfilled his wishes so religiously? And this wish is also my own. Yes, my most earnest desire."

Marian laughed sweetly.

"It should be easy to comply with, then," she said.

"It will be to me, but it depends upon another—upon you!"

"Yes, dearest Marian, upon you. Mr. Wilde here is going to inform me, I

know, that this new will gives the fortune all to me. I can receive it only upon one condition. Can you guess what it is?"

Her eyes fell beneath his—the conscious crimson dyed her fair soft cheeks. "I will not guess," she said. "You shall tell me."

He caught her little fluttering hand and raised it to his lips.

"If I take fortune from this precious hand, give me the hand as well," he said. "Darling Marian, I love you! I have loved you longer than I knew. Be my sweet wife!"

She shrank back, blushing, trembling.

"I am so poor."

"No, no; rich, rather—rich in goodness, wisdom, beauty, love, and I adore you! Nay, you will consent—it is my uncle's wish. You must obey the wishes of the dead, you know. Must she not Mr. Wilde?" he added, with a sudden recollection—but that discreet gentleman had stolen from the room.

"I will obey the wishes of my own heart, first," said Marian. "Dear Robert, can it be that you really love me?"

"With my whole heart? And you, Marian?"

"Oh, I have loved you long," she whispered on his breast.

They were married, and the finding of the long-lost will made little difference, since they shared the fortune together.

CARPENTER AND CHOATE.

Making his way to Boston, young Carpenter boldly applied to Rufus Choate for a place in his office. It is said that the great lawyer was impressed by the manly appearance of the youthful applicant, and inquired of his head clerk if there was room in his front office for another student. On being informed that there was not, he ordered a table to be placed in his own private office, and set young Carpenter to work. Half by way of a test and half by way of a joke, before leaving for court he handed the young student a letter to answer from a country attorney asking Mr. Choate's opinion upon a question of law. Young Carpenter worked diligently all day, embodying the result of his work in a carefully prepared letter to the correspondent.

What was Mr. Choate's surprise on his return to find that the letter contained the very epitome of the law, stated in the clearest and concise terms. Reading it carefully over a second time, he said: "I guess I can put R. Choate to the end of that and tell the fellow to send me \$100. The name was attached, the letter sent, and the money quickly returned. From that hour young Carpenter was ingratiated into the affection and favor of his illustrious patron, and through all the dark hours that followed the sun of that great friendship never passed behind a cloud. In 1848 he took up his residence at Beloit, Wis., now a young and thrifty city, but then more like a thrifty New England village. Mr. Carpenter entered no obscure Western hamlet, as has been so often said, but mingled at once with the highest social refinement, and met at the bar some of the ablest lawyers of the Northwest. He soon became afflicted with inflammation of the eyes, and was totally blind for two years. Going to New York city for treatment, he met with an experience which borders on the sensational. He had exhausted all his means and being blind and among strangers had prepared and expected to go to the County House the next day, when that night the long-expected and mysteriously delayed draft from Mr. Choate came to hand, and let light, if not into his eyes, into his very heart and soul. Again returning to the West, and regaining his eyesight, he entered actively upon the practice of his profession.—Congressman Williams Eulogy.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

The strength of the army under the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo was 40,000 infantry, 12,402 cavalry, and 5,645 artillery men, with 156 guns. But of this total of 67,655 men scarcely 24,000 were British. There were about 6,000 men of the old German Legion with the Duke; these were veteran troops, and of excellent quality. But the rest of the army was made up of Hanoverians, Brunswickers, Nassauers, Dutch and Belgians, many of whom were tried soldiers, and fought well, but many had been lately levied. Napoleon's army at Waterloo consisted of 48,950 infantry, 15,765 cavalry, 7,232 artillerymen, being a total of 71,947 men and 246 guns. They are described as "the elite of the national force of France; and of all of the numerous gallant armies which that martial and has poured forth, never was there one braver, or better disciplined, or better led than the host that took up its position at Waterloo on the morning of June 18, 1815."

Napoleon began the battle at about 11:30 a. m., by directing a powerful force from his left wing, under his brother, Prince Jerome, to attack Hougoumont, the fort which is so graphically described by Victor Hugo, in "Les Misérables." The great battle lasted until about 9 o'clock, and the Prussians drove the French fugitives before them throughout the night. The army under the Duke of Wellington lost nearly 15,000 men in killed and wounded, and the loss of the Prussian army was nearly 7,000 more. The loss of the French was upward of 50,000 men, beside 327 pieces of artillery.

A man down in Maine, who took his pay in pews for moving a meetinghouse, set to work after the building was settled on its new site, started a revival in the village, and when the religious interest was at its height sold out his seats at an advance of \$5,000 over what they were set off to him for. The late census shows that Maine is growing in wealth. The census must be correct.—Detroit Free Press.

FLORENCE'S FIRST LETTER.

Here is the last specimen of precocity we have known. The letter was received by a prominent gentleman of Boston, and the handwriting, though in printing, was strongly suggestive of his son-in-law:

DEAREST GRANDPA: I was a week old yesterday afternoon, and papa said it was a good girl last night that I might write a letter to my own grandpapa to-day. I was good last night, and I am so good. I want you to see me as soon as you can, and stay a long time, and you and I can talk over old times together. You'll be so precious to me in their letters to you, so I'm just going to tell you about myself. I have blue eyes, and hair of an amber hue. I am perfect in all respects, physically and intellectually (papa taught me those two big words this morning). I eat a good deal, and the nurse says I am a little pig. I sleep some, but don't cry at all, except when very hungry. I have one (1) nose, two (2) eyes, two (2) ears, one (1) mouth, ten (10) fingers and ten (10) toes. I take an inventory every morning to see that they are all right. Now, I want to send my love to all my nice relations, and I must stop, because I am tired. I shall be so glad when you come. We are all well and happy. I hope you will love me, dear grandpapa, as much as I love you, and that you will soon answer this first letter from your loving granddaughter, FLORENCE.

P. R.—Ain't you glad I'm a girl?—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

Errors in this country are always behind the age. In Iceland the editors carry the papers about and trade them for dried meat and whisky.

No matter how shattered the system may be from excesses of any kind, the Great Green Invigorator will secure health and happiness. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL R. R.

—THE MOST DESIRABLE ROUTE TO—

CINCINNATI!

And decidedly the Popular Route, affording, as it does, the best and most comfortable accommodations.

For Tickets, Rates, Time, Maps, etc., apply to Ticket Agents of Connecting Lines, or address R. S. BROWN, Southern Passenger Agent, N. E. Cor. 4th and Main Sts., Louisville, Ky. Or to J. D. HILL, Chief Passenger Agent, Lebanon, Kentucky.

MISSOURI, IOWA, KANSAS, TEXAS.

The North, Northwest and West. In fact, if you contemplate a trip in any direction, your interest will be best served by purchasing your ticket via K. C. and Cincinnati. Trains leave daily: Pullman Palace Cars, Express New Day Coaches, and handomely furnished Pullman Coaches. The unequalled equipments of this Old Reliable, thereby making a trip over this line one of luxurious comfort and pleasure. Try it!

TIME TABLE, IN EFFECT OCT. 15, 1882.

SOUTH.

Loc. Cincinnati. 6:00 a. m. 3:00 p. m. 8:00 p. m. Loc. Lexington. 10:00 a. m. 4:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m. Loc. Louisville. 11:00 a. m. 5:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m. Loc. Lexington. 12:15 p. m. 6:15 p. m. 12:15 p. m. Loc. Louisville. 1:30 p. m. 7:30 p. m. 1:30 p. m. Loc. Lexington. 2:45 p. m. 8:45 p. m. 2:45 p. m. Loc. Louisville. 4:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m. Loc. Lexington. 5:15 p. m. 11:15 p. m. 5:15 p. m. Loc. Louisville. 6:30 p. m. 12:30 p. m. 6:30 p. m. Loc. Lexington. 7:45 p. m. 1:45 p. m. 7:45 p. m. Loc. Louisville. 9:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 9:00 p. m. Loc. Lexington. 10:15 p. m. 4:15 p. m. 10:15 p. m. Loc. Louisville. 11:30 p. m. 5:30 p. m. 11:30 p. m. Loc. Lexington. 12:45 a. m. 6:45 a. m. 12:45 a. m. Loc. Louisville. 2:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 2:00 a. m. Loc. Lexington. 3:15 a. m. 9:15 a. m. 3:15 a. m. Loc. Louisville. 4:30 a. m. 10:30 a. m. 4:30 a. m. Loc. Lexington. 5:45 a. m. 11:45 a. m. 5:45 a. m. Loc. Louisville. 7:00 a. m. 12:55 p. m. 7:00 a. m. Loc. 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